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DAUGHTERS OF THE DRAGON™

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DIRECT EDITION

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DAUGHTERS OF THE DRAGON

PREVIOUSLY:

With millionaire publisher Ricadonna's merchandise still missing and two villains in the morgue, the Daughters of the Dragon chose to shake down a popular super-villain bar and grill for further clues on the whereabouts of fugitive thieves Whirlwind and Humbug. The plot thickened considerably when Whirlwind was found badly injured after tangling with the Trapster. Shortly after, Humbug turned himself and the merchandise over to Misty in exchange for protection. He's going to need that protection, because a sword-wielding Ricadonna has just crashed into Misty's apartment, looking to recover what was stolen from her...by any means necessary.

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CAN I GET DRESSED OR ARE WE GONNA DO THIS BAREBACK?

THROW THE GUN AWAY! GIVE ME THE COMPUTER CHIP AND I'LL WALK OUT OF HERE.

VERBAL CHOP SOCKY
Justin Gray & Jimmy Palmiotti

DRAGON OF THE WEST
Khari Evans

THE TAO OF INK
Jimmy Palmiotti

FOUR COLORS OF DEATH
Christina Strain

FISTFUL OF LETTERS
artmonkeys' Dave Lanphear

YOUNG MASTER
Nathan Cosby

EDITORIAL NINJITSU
Mark Paniccia

EDITOR IN CHIEF
The Legendary Q

TOKYO GODFATHER
Dan Buckley

BAREBACK IT IS THEN.

I THOUGHT YOU'D SHOOT AT ME.

I DON'T WANT YOU ***BLEEDING*** ALL OVER MY APARTMENT.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS PLACE? EVERYTHING IS SO ***NEAT*** AND ***ORGANIZED.*** DARE I SAY ANAL?

DO YOU HAVE O.C.D.?

I LIKE A CLEAN HOUSE.

YOU'RE NOT *FOOLING* ANYONE WITH THAT MASK, *RICADONNA.*

I WASN'T *TRYING* TO FOOL ANYONE, MISTY. IT'S A *FASHION STATEMENT.*

PEOPLE WHO *WEAR MASKS* PRETEND TO BE SOMETHING THEY ARE NOT. THERE'S A NAME FOR THOSE PEOPLE. WE CALL THEM PSYCHOPATHS.

IS HERVEY CLECKLEY'S *"THE MASK OF SANITY"* REQUIRED READING FOR THE POLICE DEPARTMENT?

OH, YOU'RE NOT A COP ANYMORE, RIGHT? SOMEONE BLEW YOUR *ARM OFF.* LET ME GUESS, YOUR LITTLE *PSYCHE* WAS CRUSHED AND THE DEPARTMENT SHRINKS SAID YOU WERE *UNFIT* FOR DUTY.

I BET THAT TICKED YOU OFF TO NO END.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

UH-*OH*, I STRUCK A *NERVE!*

NO POCKETS... WHERE THE HELL ARE THOSE WEAPONS COMING FROM?

OH NO...

NEVER MIND THAT.

NOW CAN WE *FINALLY* GET BLOODY?

I GOT IT!

I GOT IT!

HA!

SAY GOODBYE, YOU BI--

YOU'RE A RATHER ***SAD*** LITTLE INTERPRETATION OF KAFKA. ***HONESTLY,*** WHO DRESSES UP LIKE A GIANT BUG?

AND YOU...

I'LL BE TAKING THIS ARM AND THE CHIP INSIDE.

SHNK

RHAAAGGHHHH!!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUMBUG? DOES THE SIGHT OF MOTOR OIL MAKE YOU QUEASY?

BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZZ!

CUSTOM-MADE ADAMANTIUM BLADE.

OH WELL, YOU'RE NO FUN ANYMORE.

WAS THIS ARM WIRED INTO YOUR CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM?

hurrmmmmmmmmm

WHAT'S THAT NOISE...?

THAT'S NOT GOOD...

MISTY? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHO DO I CALL?

C-C-C-OLLEEN...

FIVE YEARS AGO...

SWAT

ATM

NYPD

MISTY KNIGHT, BOMB SQUAD. WHAT DO Y'HAVE, DETECTIVE DEERING?

GUY ON A CELL PHONE INSIDE THE BANK SAYS TERRORISTS, POSSIBLY FIVE AND THEY'VE GOT EXPLOSIVES.

WE HAD TO CUT OFF ALL CELL PHONE TRANSMISSIONS IN THE THREE-BLOCK RADIUS TO AVOID SETTING THEM OFF.

ANY DEMANDS?

NONE.

SUICIDE BOMBERS DON'T USUALLY WAIT THIS LONG.

THEY'RE HOPING FOR A BIGGER AUDIENCE, BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE, NO ONE IS GETTING OUT OF THERE ALIVE IF WE DON'T ACT QUICKLY.

I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO GO IN. TOO MANY LIVES ARE AT STAKE.

THEY'RE DEAD ALREADY. THE ONLY HOPE THEY HAVE IS IF WE GET IN. NOW WHERE ARE THE BLUEPRINTS?

SWAT

CURSE THE IMPERIALISTS!

AIIEEEEEE!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

CHRAASSH

EVERYONE OUT...*NOW!*

:59

:37

:24

:12

:05

:01

:00

NOW.

TONY, I APPRECIATE THIS.

HOW MUCH, *COLLEEN*?

YOU'RE NOT *THAT* SMOOTH.

SHE'LL BE SIX KINDS OF *FURIOUS* WHEN SHE WAKES UP.

MAYBE I CAN HELP?

THANKS, BUT THIS IS BETWEEN US GIRLS.

WE ALREADY OWE YOU BIG-TIME FOR THE ARM.

I AM, BUT YOU'RE IMMUNE TO IT.

COULD IT BE BECAUSE MY *BEST FRIEND* IS LYING ON A TABLE WITH HER ARM *HACKED* OFF?

THEY TELL ME SHE'LL BE FINE.

THIS ARM IS A SUPERIOR DESIGN. I SHOULD HAVE CALLED MISTY FOR AN UPGRADE SOONER, BUT I'VE BEEN BUSY.

THE EXTERIOR IS DIAMOND INTERLACED WITH VIBRANIUM. IT IS HARDER, LIGHTER AND STRONGER.

I'VE HAD THEM INSTALL A PAIN DAMPENER SO IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENS AGAIN HER NERVOUS SYSTEM WON'T BE HARMED.

HOW LONG BEFORE SHE'S UP AND AROUND AGAIN?

SHOULDN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW HOURS.

KEEP AN EYE ON HER FOR ME?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I HAVE A ***ROACH PROBLEM*** THAT NEEDS TAKING CARE OF.

OKAY, HUMBUGGER, SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT.

I'M LOOKING!

I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE. I'VE ALREADY GOT A BILLION-PLUS SPIES SPREAD ACROSS ALL FIVE BOROUGHS AND NONE OF THEM HAVE HEARD A WORD ABOUT THIS AUCTION.

I DON'T WANT EXCUSES OR I'LL SHOVE THOSE ANTENNAE...

WHOA, MANDRILL, WHAT DID YOU EAT FOR LUNCH?

TICK TICK

CURRY, WHY?

JENNIFER AND REILLY LIVE IN A 1,000-SQUARE-FOOT HOME WITH THEIR TWO CATS AND TONS UPON TONS OF REILLY'S COLLECTIBLES...

MAYBE WE SHOULD GO ON THIS SHOW. LOOK AROUND. I MUST CONFESS THIS PLACE IS A MESS.

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE PEOPLE PAY GOOD MONEY FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S GARBAGE, DROOG.

RMN ZRM

CHERRY HERE IS STUDYING TO BE AN ASTRONAUT. I THINK THAT'S WONDERFUL.

I ADMIRE YOUR AMBITION.

CHT CHKT

I TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW THE GUY!

I BELIEVE YOU. NOW BE QUIET AND LET ME DRILL.

TICK TICK

TICK TICK

IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHO WINS THE AUCTION. THE HAND WILL HAVE THE CHIP EVEN IF WE MUST KILL RICADONNA.

MANY OF OUR AGENTS HAVE ALREADY INVESTIGATED THE UNDERGROUND GARAGE WHERE IT WILL TAKE PLACE. THERE ARE TWO ENTRANCES. ONE ON BROADWAY AND ONE ON FORTY-THIRD.

I HATE THIS FILTHY COUNTRY.

SHIIINGGG

TI-TE

THUNK

CRUNCH

A PARKING GARAGE ON FORTY-THIRD AND BROADWAY.

ARE YOU SURE?

YES, I'M SURE. THE *HAND* IS INVOLVED IN THE AUCTION.

YOU SPEAK JAPANESE?

OBVIOUSLY.

HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I SAVED *MISTY* AND HELPED YOU FIND THE *AUCTION!*

CLICK CLICK

AND I APPRECIATE THAT, BUGSY.

YOU GOT A *FUNNY* WAY OF SHOWING IT.

TELL YOU *WHAT*, I KNOW A PRETTY GOOD *LAWYER*. I'LL PUT HIM IN *TOUCH* WITH YOU.

I DON'T *WANT* TO GO BACK TO JAIL. I'M FRAGILE.

DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE SKIPPING JAIL AND HEADING STRAIGHT TO THE ROACH MOTEL!

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE! ROACH MOTEL? LIKE I HAVEN'T HEARD THAT ONE...

HAND OVER THE CHIP, HUMBUG!

RICADONNA ALREADY *HAS* THE CHIP, YOU MORON.

SHE DOES?

YES, SHE DOES.

DAMMIT!

WHO GOT IT ***FIRST?*** WAS IT THE WRECKER? NO, WAIT, I BET IT WAS ***SHOCKER,*** RIGHT?

WHO ***ARE*** YOU?

I'M ***THE MAD JUGGLER.*** YOU HAVEN'T ***HEARD*** OF ME? I FOUGHT ***THE CHAMPION*** ONCE... SORT OF.

WAIT... ***WHERE*** ARE YOU GOING?

COME ON, BUGSY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYONE KILLING YOU ANYMORE.

YOU KNOW, I WAS ***THINKING.*** IF I CLEANED UP MY ACT AND HUNG UP THE COSTUME FOR GOOD, YOU THINK, ***MAYBE,*** I DUNNO, WE ***COULD...?***

NOPE.

I STILL THINK YOU'RE PRETTY.

HOW'S IT FEEL?
LIGHTER.
AND YOUR HEAD?
SHE DIDN'T HIT ME IN THE HEAD.
YES, SHE DID.
I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
FINE. I HANDED HUMBUG OVER.
GOOD.
HE FOUND THE AUCTION SITE.
WHY ARE WE SITTING HERE EATING KUNG PAO?!
BECAUSE THE AUCTION IS STILL TWO DAYS AWAY.
RIGHT.
WHAT'S ON THE CHIP?

A VIRUS.

WHAT, LIKE EBOLA?

COMPUTER VIRUS. THE PROJECT FILES ALL SAID FISCAL DISINTEGRATOR.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

LIKE I KNOW?

DON'T GET ATTITUDE WITH ME, MISTY.

OR WHAT?

YOU WANT TO BE MAD AT THE WORLD, THAT'S FINE.

YOU'RE BEING SENSITIVE.

YOU'VE CRAWLED UP INSIDE YOUR HEAD...AGAIN. FOCUS YOUR ANGER ON SOMETHING POSITIVE.

COLLEEN, SAVE THE ZEN MASTER SPEECH. SERIOUSLY.

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT.

YOUR FATHER WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE NOT A COP ANYMORE.

BACK OFF.

YOU COULD GO BACK TO THE FORCE RIGHT NOW AND THEY'D BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOU, BUT THE PROBLEM ISN'T IN YOUR ARM, IT'S IN YOUR HEAD.

THIS CONVERSATION IS OVER.

DAMMIT, MISTY. I'M ON YOUR SIDE.

THEN ACT LIKE IT.

HOW, BY LETTING YOU HARBOR ALL OF THAT PENT-UP RAGE UNTIL IT EATS AWAY AT YOU, UNTIL YOU END UP A CLICHED BITTER EX-COP IN A BAD AIRPORT NOVEL?

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT.

OUT?

YEAH, *OUT.*

WHEN YOU'RE DELUDED, EVERY STATEMENT IS AN ULCER. WHEN YOU'RE ENLIGHTENED, EVERY WORD IS WISDOM.

NO THOUGHT, NO REFLECTION, NO ANALYSIS, NO CULTIVATION, NO INTENTION...LET IT SETTLE ITSELF.

WEEDS ONLY GROW WHEN WE DISLIKE THEM.

DANNY?

HELLO, MISTY. IT'S BEEN A WHI...

WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

COLLEEN.

COME ON. LET'S GET A DRINK.

To Be Continued!